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# The Student's Pen

March, 1933



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## THE STUDENT'S PEN

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THE BASKETBALL TEAM

# EDITORIALS



## Intramural Athletics

**D**URING the past few years the football teams of Notre Dame University have been the cynosure of all eyes and the admiration of the entire sporting world. When one spoke in terms of the "Fighting Irish" there immediately came to mind a vision of an almost invincible combination—strong and resourceful as the Rock of Gibraltar.

However, the past season has shown that even The Ramblers may be overcome—may enter a game as "the underdog". It is useless to attempt an analysis of their present difficulties. Whether their defeats are due to Rockne's departure or to some other cause is yet a controversial question. But, we ask, when Notre Dame was the "pigskin college of colleges," what was it that made its football teams great?

The answer is that behind every squad that ever took the field for the "Irish", there was an intricate network of intra-class competition—intra-mural activities that aroused a school spirit so intense that it electrified their teams to a man! Physical educators and coaches the country over are high in their praise for this type of athletics which has spread with amazing rapidity through high schools and colleges during the past year. "Bill" Cunningham, noted sports writer, recently stated that the secret of Notre Dame's success in inter-collegiate football is due to the vast intramural system underlying the whole thing. This statement, of course, can be applied to any sport, basketball, baseball, or track.

In our school last spring the Physical Training Department formed an inter-class baseball league that received much support and favorable comment from the student body and others. This year the same instructors have formed an intramural basketball league which has proved to be a wonderful success due to the whole-hearted support of the student body. These steps in the physical development of P. H. S. students should be encouraged on every front and as many boys as possible should answer any and all calls from the Athletic Department in this line, for this form of athletics not only improves the physical and mental condition of the participants, but will also prove a boon to our athletic teams of the future. Sports for fun, and not for gate receipts and prestige—that, after all, is what sports are for. . . .



### Appreciation

WE, of our modern age, are not prone to realize and appreciate the blessings bestowed upon us by our country, state, and community. In spite of the times, which are unusually severe, we are very fortunate especially in the case of education.

Naturally we are all fully aware of the sacrifices made in order to build the beautiful edifice that we may call our "own" high school. We also recognize the time and energy spent by our teachers in laying the foundation of our future, the many hours laid down into various extra-curricula activities by zealous mentors. Educational and entertaining programs are made entirely for our benefit. And in addition to these are a thousand and one other things done for us in this institution of learning for which we ought to be, and surely are appreciative.

Yes indeed, we do have reasons for being grateful, but do we show our gratitude? Do we make those who are concerned with our benefit feel that their efforts are not expended in vain? And if we make our appreciation apparent, do we do so at the correct time, in the correct place, and in the correct manner?

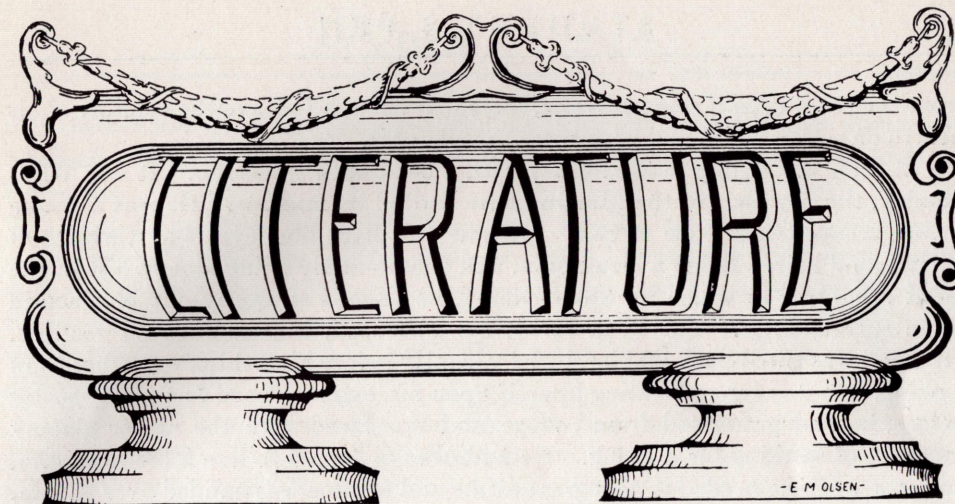
We had an example of heartfelt admiration and appreciation at the recital of John Gurney in one of our assemblies recently. The cup of acclaim reached its brim, (whether it was because of the singing or the lost class-room time is not absolutely important to the question) but the enthusiasm was without any restraint whatever. It would seem unnecessary to interrupt the program here and there by undue whispering, laughter, and applause in order to show the artist that he was "putting it over." It certainly would have been a greater tribute to Mr. Gurney to have waited with the ovations until the end of each number. That is an incident from which we may learn to suit our show of true appreciation to the correct time, place, and manner.

Let us therefore search for the proper method of revealing our esteem, and apply it so that not only visiting performers but also the teachers who labor daily in our behalf may feel our gratitude.

### To Be or Not to Be

SINCE the discontinuance last fall of the regular monthly issues of the *Student's Pen*, the Pen Club has endeavored to present to the student body as many literary magazines as possible in addition to the weekly newspaper. Lately, however, the news-sheet has been discontinued primarily in order to get the consensus of opinion in the school concerning the *Student's Pen*. Do you enjoy the weekly mimeographed news-sheet, or do you want the monthly magazine enough to cooperate intensely in making it a success?

The *Student's Pen* has always been distributed free to all who pay to the weekly nickel collection. However, since only one quarter of this money goes to the *Student's Pen*, and the rest goes to the Athletic Association, the *Pen* has had to rely on advertisements to cover most of its expenses. Now, since it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain ads, the club must have your help. We need lots of enthusiastic, wide-awake students to increase our business staff and obtain results, and, of course, we always are in need of more good literary material. Won't you come forward now with a helping hand? This is your magazine. Why not make it so.



### The Martin House

HIGH up on a rugged cliff it was overlooking the broad Atlantic. To travelers on the road below, it seemed as inaccessible as an eagle's nest, but they did not know that a little roadway, half a mile back, led one by a series of twists and turns, up to the stately mansion on the cliff. It was one of those old rambling English structures whose many gabled roofs made innumerable hills and valleys which gave one the impression that the whole building was a remnant of mediaeval architecture, transported by some good genie to this land across the sea, where it would forever serve as a reminder of a time and land far distant. The lower story was built of rough hewn blocks of stone, while the upper story and gables were made of heavy oak timbers. The old manse must have been wonderfully built, for not a slate was missing from the roof, nor was a single brick gone from any of the four tall chimneys which projected above the intricate maze of gables.

The view from the front of the house extended from the edge of the cliff, scarcely twenty yards from the door, out across the broad Atlantic as far as the eye could see. Sailors far out at sea had, for generations, used the old house on the cliff as a landmark.

Just how long it had been there it would be difficult to say. Old Grandfather Martin had inherited the place from his father. After him it went to his son, Ely Martin, the lawyer. After that it had passed on to still another generation of Martins. Only a short time ago it had belonged to George Martin, a bachelor. His death left the estate to his nephew. For the first time in its history, the old Martin house became the property of another family.

Just a week after the death of George Martin, there arose a great storm which still lives in the memory of all New Englanders. The icy blast swept down from the northeast, churning the great waters into foam and sending all vessels into the nearest harbor. The gale moaned around the corners of the old house, as if in mourning for the dying out of that time-honored family. The surf below pounded mercilessly against the rocky base of the cliff as if striving to shake the very foundations of the earth. The sky was as black as ink and the driving rain was so thick that the one light burning in the library of the old house, could not be seen



from the road, even if some traveler, foolhardy enough to leave the comfort of his hearth on such a night, had been there to look for it.

A man was sitting in the library with a book open in his lap. It was Willis Hanley, the new heir to the Martin house and all its millions. He was a young man, perhaps twenty-one or two. He had very light blue eyes and a wealth of curly blond hair. Being a small man, and consequently being almost lost in the great arm-chair in which he was reclining, he seemed strangely out of place in these surroundings. The book in his lap was open, but he was not reading. His head was tilted back and he stared vacantly before him, thinking rather than looking. He was congratulating himself upon his extreme good fortune. Shortly before, he had graduated from college, and was faced with the rather gloomy prospect of working for a living. He had always longed to live a life of leisure, and just when he needed it, this great estate and fortune was handed over to him, without so much as an hour's effort on his part. Why shouldn't he smile to himself? What cared he if the moaning of the wind increased and rose higher and higher? He knew that his future was assured, for there in the cleverly hidden wall safe lay forty thousand dollars in United States gold bonds. The rain beat against the window panes with ever increasing fury, but still the young man in the chair did not seem to hear the sound. On this particular night he was quite alone in the house, for all of his servants had asked for a short leave to go to the city, but they had promised to return that night. He did not think it strange that the servants should all leave, for there was some kind of a celebration in the city. What it was about he did not know, but he thought that the storm would put an end to it, and his servants would soon return.

His reverie was rudely interrupted by a series of knocks on the front door, which were but faintly audible above the rush and roar of the wind and rain. He rose leisurely from his chair and proceeded to the door. He thought at first that it might be the servants returning, but a moment's reflection banished the idea. Surely they would not have presumption enough to use the main entrance door. He turned the latch and the massive portal was thrust inward by the great force of the gale. Along with the rain, a man in a disheveled, rain-soaked coat was literally blown in. With an herculean effort, Hanley pushed the door shut. Then he turned to survey his visitor. The man was just removing his drenched overcoat and hat. He was standing in a large pool of water, which was becoming momentarily larger as the water streamed off of his coat.

"Here, let me have your things," offered Hanley, extending his hand for the man's drenched garments. The latter relinquished them without a word and, while Hanley hung up his things, walked toward the parlor. The young heir was back in an instant, and stood looking inquiringly at his visitor.

"You came to see me?" he inquired, thinking meanwhile that the man must be mad to pick such a night for making a call.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "if you are, as I believe, Mr. Hanley, the recent heir to this estate."

"I am indeed," replied the young man, in a weak, almost effeminate voice. "Won't you be seated?" He motioned toward the parlor. The other entered and seated himself in one of the huge overstuffed chairs. He, too, was a short

man, rather stout, and his hair was beginning to recede, leaving a large expanse of forehead. The man's eyes were gray and seemed just a little bit too close together. He spoke.

"You do not know me. You have never seen me before and you will never see me again." His voice was low and resonant. "I shall not tell you my name, as that is of no consequence to you. Suffice it to say that I was the late Mr. Martin's butler and his confidential friend. He treated me as a member of his family, and I came to love him as a father." Here he broke off and scrutinized his host attentively.

The wind howled furiously and the rain beat against the windows with demoniacal fury. The roar of the pounding surf below and the drumming of the rain on the glass made Hanley raise his voice slightly as he said, "Yes, go on. But I must confess that I don't see what I have to do with the case."

"I shall come to that very shortly," replied the other, with his keen, close-set eyes still fixed on Hanley's countenance. "For generations this old house has been in the hands of the Martins." Here he was interrupted by a protesting groan from the mighty timbers of the structure as a terrific blast of wind made it tremble to its very foundation.

"Through every generation," he continued, "a secret of great importance has been handed down to the heir, and no one else knew it until it went on down to the next owner. When Mr. Martin was dying, I was the only one with him. His last request was that, just a week after his death, I should come to you and place in your hands certain information which you, as owner of this house, will find most valuable. Mr. Martin died at exactly eleven o'clock last Friday night."

Again he paused. From somewhere within the house dimly audible above the roaring of the storm, the melancholy booming of an old grandfather's clock could be heard. Eleven times it struck—no more. Hanley felt an eerie sensation run through his whole body, but, shaking it off with an effort, he managed to say in a perfectly calm manner, "This is becoming very interesting. When, if I may ask, am I to be given this great secret as you call it?"

"Immediately," said the strange visitor. "In the wall safe, behind the gold bonds, there is a secret compartment, operated by a spring. In this compartment are a paper and a key. The paper explains the use of the key. I alone know how to operate the secret compartment of the safe. If you will be good enough to open your safe, I shall show you the secret compartment. After that the whole secret is in your hands, and it is understood that you will divulge it to none except your next heir, and then, just before you die." With this he stood up, waiting for Hanley to lead the way. This he did, and with a joyously beating heart. His mind was filled with vague images of secret panels, hidden gold, and subterranean vaults filled with precious gems. He went directly to the safe, slid back a cleverly concealed panel in the wall and, with a few deft twists of the dial, opened the door. The little man was right at his elbow. Hanley then drew out the bonds, forty thousand dollars worth, and placed them on the table. He turned to his visitor.

"There, is that the compartment?" he asked, but ill-concealing his excitement.



Without a word, the other stepped up to the safe and reached his right arm into the opening. Hanley watched expectantly. At that instant there resounded, above the sound of the gale, a series of loud knocks at the front door. This sudden interruption broke the tension which prevailed the place and Hanley walked quickly to the front hall.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he called back over his shoulder. Bracing the door with his foot, he unlatched it and opened it a crack. A flood of rain and wind rushed in. He looked out but to his astonishment there was no one there. He opened the door a trifle wider and looked again, but the place outside was deserted. He pushed the door shut with a vague feeling of disquiet, and returned to the parlor.

"There was no one there, I guess I must have been hearing things. My nerves are rather—" here he broke off, realizing that there was no one in the room. He stared about. The room was deserted. A wild fear clutched at his heart as he glanced toward the safe. It was open, just as he had left it, but the bonds on the table were gone! A blast of cold air striking against his face made him jump back as if he had been struck. He saw that the casement was wide open, letting in a veritable deluge of rain. He rushed out, throwing caution to the winds, and climbed out. A flash of lightning illuminated the place momentarily, but the thief was not in sight. Hanley rushed in and frantically tried the telephone, but it was dead. Outside the rush and roar of the gale continued, oblivious of the tragedy enacted within.

Willis Hanley, the young heir sank weakly into a chair, realizing how neatly he had been tricked. Once again he was faced with the necessity of earning his own way in the world.

The wind rushed madly on its way, carrying the driving rain with it, but still the old house on the cliff resisted, just as it had resisted hundreds of other tempests. Within the mansion Hanley was thinking of the house, and its fight against the raging tempests. Strangely enough the idea of working seemed less distasteful than it had before.

*Robert Browne*

### **Fantasy**

We are like bubbles in a wine glass  
That burst and are gone.  
We sizzle upward  
Through a pungent, dulcet sweetness  
Into oblivion,  
Leaving behind us  
A slender twist of crystal  
And a fold of jeweler's velvet—  
All this we leave—and more bubbles—

*Christine Manley*

### **The "Fix-its"**

THE door to room 39 of Burnleigh Hall suddenly burst open admitting a vivacious girl of about eighteen. Her copper curls were tousled, a smudge of ink was on one cheek, and a pencil was balanced precariously over one ear. As she stooped to retrieve the papers she had scattered over the floor by her violent entrance, she demanded of the two occupants of the room, "Well, what's up? Alice can't come. She's been called to see the Dean. What are we going to do? Is this scribbling any good that I'm picking up? Shall I dump it in the wastebasket? Or, do you want the junk?"

The willowy blond at one end of the study table groaned; then broke off in a yawn. "It's just my results of two hour's work, a two thousand word theme that you're classifying as junk," she remarked with dignity. "The wastebasket would be the best place for it but it's not going there just the same. Hand it over, Patsy."

"And if you expect us to answer all those questions at once, Tornado, you're all wrong," interposed the dark-eyed miss at the other end of the study table. "Of course, you've no idea that you've been using your cheek as a blotter," she added.

Patsy grinned, "How'd you guess it, Nan? Here, Sally, here's your junk, Pardon, I mean theme." She sank into the arm chair near Nan and helped herself to a handful of the peanuts on the table. "Why did you call us over?" she demanded.

Sally signed her theme with a flourish and then whirled about.

"Oh, we've the grandest idea, Patsy. We're going to form a committee of four, you, Alice, Nan, and I, and fix things."

"Fix things!" exclaimed Patsy. "Fix things! No, you don't get me to join any committee like that! I can take things apart but I simply never can put them together again. What's more, I simply won't handle a hammer,—that is, not unless someone else holds the nails. Anyway, we haven't the tools."

"Don't be silly," declared Sally. "We don't mean that kind of fixing. We don't need any tools—except, of course, brains."

"Now, I know we haven't the tools, but never mind. Go ahead; explain—if you can."

Sally hesitated. "You'd better do it, Nan," she said finally.

Nan sighed. "Sure, make me do it. All right, I'll try. Anyway, we once knew a girl—

"Not really?" queried Patsy.

Nan glared at her, but continued, "who wanted to make some money—"

"Fancy that!" grinned Patsy. "Unusual girl, no doubt."

"So she advertized herself as 'Miss Fix-it' and—"

"Fix what?" demanded Patsy.

"Oh—I wonder why people like you are allowed to live," groaned Nan. "She fixed up any situation. Helped people out of difficulties and so on. She did well, too. Had fun and made some money. Of course, we won't advertise and we'll just work for the experience. That is, we won't charge our clients for a while."



"I'll say we won't," declared the incorrigible Patsy. "Our clients will probably charge us for damages. Oh, I think I hear Alice dashing along now."

Again the door burst open; this time admitting a bright-eyed girl with short-cropped, blue-black curls.

"Listen," she commanded dramatically. "I'm in a fix. Read this special delivery letter from that pesky brother of mine."

Patsy never needed to be told anything twice. She snatched the letter and read aloud:

"Dear Sis, I know you've gotten this month's allowance. I need twenty-five dollars. You've got to give it to me at the airport at 10.30 tonight. I'm flying through with Bob, and we can't stop long. Bud."

"What will I do," wailed Alice. "The Dean just told me that the next time I was caught breaking the rules, I'd be suspended. What can Bud have done now? How can I get to the airport at 10.30 tonight?"

"There you are," Patsy declared to Nan and Sally. "There's your case. Now, fix it."

"Why," began Sally. "We—we—" she stopped.

"Stupid!" said Patsy, giving each a look of utter scorn. "Well, I'll start it. In the first place, Alice, I shall have a headache. You will go get me some—some—oh, some hot tea. Ask the young waitress who waits on our table for it. Then ask her if she could let you out the kitchen door at about 10.15."

"Make it 10.05," interrupted Nan. "Then, you can get the 10.08 bus at the corner of Elkhart and Amsterdam Streets. That will take you directly to the airport in about twenty minutes."

"That sounds pretty good," admitted Alice, "but how will I get out of the grounds and past the night watchman?"

"That's simple," explained Sally. "He makes his rounds every two hours starting at nine. You can leave at 10.05 safely. Oh, I've an idea. Ask the waitress if you may borrow her coat and hat. There'll be no one in the kitchen at that time so you'll be able to do it all right. Then, you can go out the servants' entrance. Come back the same way just before eleven. It's safer not to meet the watchman."

"Hurrah," cried Alice. "I'll do it. You're pals. There's the warning bell. Come on, Patsy."

She and Patsy dashed off.

Not long afterwards, a figure tiptoed down the servants' stairs to the kitchen, leaving three chums filled with anxiety as to the waitress' reaction to the whole affair.

"She's done it," sighed Sally with relief, "or she'd be back by now."

Nan turned her flashlight on. "It's 10.08," she murmured. "I guess she has gone."

The two settled back for an hour's wait. The time passed slowly; too slowly.

"If I have to listen to that clock tick for another half-hour, I'll go mad," muttered Nan viciously to Sally, upon discovering that it was only 10.30. She jumped up and buried the poor timekeeper under the cushion of the arm chair in the farthest corner of the room.

After a seemingly endless time, she muttered again, "They say the first hundred years are the hardest." She was about to say more when there came the distinct creak of a door opening. Immediately, two other doors opened simultaneously. Nan, Sally, and Patsy winked in elation at Alice, softly padding along the hall. There came a creak in another corridor of the floor and with a hasty "O. K. Explain tomorrow," Alice precipitated herself into her room, nearly knocking Patsy head-over-heels.

A sleepy house-matron glanced down the vacant hall, and then, feeling that her ears had deceived her, hastened back.

At exactly five o'clock the next afternoon, the four met in Alice's and Patsy's room.

"Tell us everything," begged Nan. "How I've lived through this day in suspense, I don't know."

"Nor I," added Sally. "And Patsy wouldn't say a word either."

Alice laughed. "There's not much to tell," she replied. "Everything happened as you had planned it for me. The waitress said she'd do it this once, but never again. The dear! But what makes me simply wild is that after all I went through to get that money to Bud, and incidentally all I shall go through for having given it to him, as I haven't a cent for this whole month now, he just wanted it to bet on a horse in the races tomorrow. They're stopping there on their way to Bob's uncle's place. My good twenty-five dollars on a horse! And, of course, he will choose the wrong horse! I know him. He said he was going to put it on 'Black Arrow'. I'll bet that 'Black Arrow' will be just like that other arrow that landed 'I know not where.' The races were over at four so the results should be in the paper. Do you suppose the paper's out yet?"

Nan jumped up. "It must be. I'll go see." She dashed out the door. The other three followed.

The paper was out. One of the younger teachers was reading a copy in the recreation room. She willingly let Nan see it. Nan turned to the sport's page. In the list of winners was no "Black Arrow".

"I knew it," groaned Alice, returning the paper to the teacher. "Thanks, Miss White," she added.

As she started up the stairs again, a voice called "A special delivery letter for you, Alice."

Alice went for it reluctantly. "Now, I'll learn that 'Black Arrow' lost. How surprising! And he's so sorry my money's gone. Well, so am I!" She stuffed the letter disgustedly in her pocket.

"Cheer up, folks," smiled Patsy, pulling a bag of peanuts from a drawer. "Have some peanuts. I told you we hadn't the tools with which to fix things."

"It's not your fault," declared Alice quickly. "You were a great help. That stupid brother of mine spoiled everything." She fingered the letter in her pocket.

"How did you know the watchman's routine?" demanded Patsy suddenly of Sally.

"That was in the theme you termed 'junk' last night," Sally reminded her haughtily. "It was entitled 'Campus Protection.'"

"You win," murmured Patsy, crestfallen.

She turned to Alice. "Why don't you open Bud's letter anyway? Then, maybe you can think of some burning remarks to write to him."

Uninterestedly, Alice pulled the letter from her pocket and opened it. She glanced at the scribbled note, casually for a minute and then gasped, "Listen." She read, "Dear Sis, changed my mind about the horse. Bet on 'Kentucky Boy' instead and turned your twenty-five dollars into a hundred fifty. Who said I hadn't the touch of Midas? Will be magnanimous and split fifty-fifty with you. Am enclosing the check. Bud."

*M. Gill.*



### Sir Beerbell's Hoarse Affair

"Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:  
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long."

*from "The School for Scandal"*

"**W**HAT ho, ye merry comrades!" came the voice of young Baron Lackwhite, as he nimbly vaulted from his prancing steed. "What think ye, is not this a most exquisite piece of horseflesh?"

"I have seen better," ventured Mr. Grabfree, "her legs are too slim, and her tail is too long."

"Absolutely! her age does not seem to be what it used to be," decided Sir Beerbell, while his legs dangled below the fence, upon which he had seated himself, in a perfectly timed movement like the pendulums seen in a watchmaker's shop.

"Aha, your good humor has been encroached upon, my dear Beerbell," asserted the confident tones of the first speaker, "for this is certainly your horse, which I borrowed from your stables but five minutes ago."

"Dear, dear, someone prop me up! I thought you were a judge of horses, Sir Beerbell, and then you choose a nag of this kind to grace your stalls! Ho, ho, slap me pink!" choked Mr. Grabfree in an unsuccessful attempt to stop his laughter and untangle his legs at the same time.

"What!" enjoined the suspected owner of the animal after he had thoughtfully picked himself up from the dusty road where he had fallen from his lofty perch, and when his slow wit had begun to function in a somewhat satisfying manner. "No, I have never seen her before. No, decidedly not. I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, madam," this to the horse which began to show strong signs of awakened recognition.

"Oh yes, can't you see the gleam of happiness in her eyes, the name is Bess, Mr. Grabfree, when she is reunited with her owner and master?" continued Baron Lackwhite. "Why don't you ride her, dear Sir?"

"Never!" The rotund figure, now being playfully nudged by friend Bess, was upon the point of exploding without any regard for the tightly buttoned waistcoat. "This—ahem—Bess is entirely too scraggly and bony for comfortable riding, besides she looks a good deal too vicious for my taste. Why, er—gentlemen, this is preposterous. It's an outrage!" burst from the lungs of the exasperated squire when a new attack of affection overwhelmed him in form of a wildly waving tongue of texture akin to that of an exceedingly rough rug.

A step backwards brought about the catastrophe which completely climaxed the situation. Sir Beerbell sagely withdrew, but a little too hastily, for the watering trough which had patiently waited in the background, now received him with open arms and a moist embrace. Spluttering and gulping like a walrus in distress, wallowing in the cold water, slipping below the surface, emerging with a blue, flustered mien, and intermittently uttering urgent calls for succor, "I'm—gulp—drowning, someone—cough—cough—save me!" No aid, however, was forthcoming from the other two gentlemen present on the scene. They were too busy writhing

and contorting their bodies in their uproarious mirth. Faithful, valiant Bess was the one who took a hand in the situation, or rather a mouthful of her owner's most voluminous part of anatomy and calmly rescued the struggling, bedraggled form from its precarious position, then deposited him on the ground with a joyful neigh, challenging the world to dispute her ability as a life saver.

A certain degree of sensibility was infused into the audience after they had exhausted themselves with laughter, and between the two of them, they were able to bring the victim to the nearest inn where warming beverages were employed to prevent severe cold from gaining a foothold in Sir Beerbell's ample being. A whole night of administration of heartwarming drinks and enlivening stories traded among themselves by the three cronies, however, failed to put an end to the sufferer's hoarseness which even today follows him wherever he may go.

To end this somewhat slim, and too long tale, we who are initiates of the truth are asked to stamp out all rumors circulated to the effect that Sir Beerbell's hoarse affair was not caused so much by the accident as by the remedies pressed into service. We, of course, know better. It was the mental strain both before and afterwards, and the extraordinary chill of the water in the trough, as well as the presence of Bess that caused all trials and tribulations endured by the doubtfully heroic personage, Sir Beerbell.

May we, with Lady Teazle of School for Scandal fame, say that we do not desire to

"play the fool at large on life's great stage,"  
and thus offer our humble apologies for wasting your most valuable time.

*Eric Stahl*

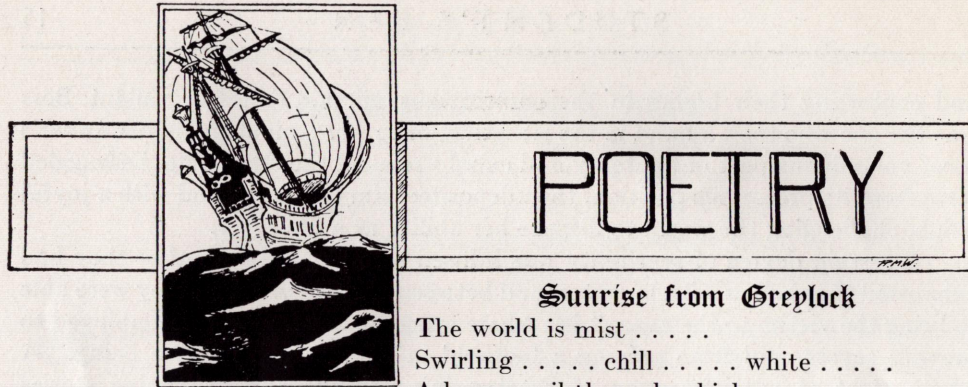
### To Perfection

They know not my heart who believe there can be  
One stain of this earth in its feeling for thee;  
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,  
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,  
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray  
But smiles on the dewdrop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as thy young features are,  
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far;  
It is not thy smile—'tis thy soul dawning clear  
Through its innocent blush, makes thy beauty so dear;  
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair  
Is looked up to more, because Heaven lies there.

*T. Flannigan*





### Sunrise from Greylock

The world is mist . . . . .  
Swirling . . . . . chill . . . . . white . . . . .  
A heavy veil through which  
The dim shadow of the beacon is vaguely seen.

A faint breeze stirs . . . . .  
The fog lifts . . . . . yet  
One catches no glimpse of the hidden world below.  
In the eastern sky a dim, faint light appears . . . . .  
It changes . . . . . forming a brighter hue . . . . .  
Reflected in the mist.  
Soon all the peak is bathed in a rosy glow of color  
So beautiful . . . . . so varied . . . . .  
One longs for all the world to see.

Above the mountains in the distance . . . . .  
The red rim of the rising sun appears  
Slowly melting the colorful mist.  
Neat, checkerboard squares  
Of farms and villages  
Peep through the disappearing fog . . . . .  
Spread forth in panorama  
As far as eye can see.

Borne on a wandering breeze are heard  
The boom of a factory whistle . . . . .  
The honk of an auto horn . . . . .  
And the rattle and click of a distant train . . . . .  
Signs of the busy world  
Awakening once more to a working day.

The sun rises higher . . . . .  
Dispelling the lingering wisps of fog.  
Realizing the day's beginning  
One turns away . . . . .  
Conscious of an inner feeling  
Of awe and reverence . . . . .  
And yet filled with a vague regret  
And a longing to appreciate  
A beauty beyond one's ken.

Mary O'Boyle '35

### Crucifixion

Christ walks with us to hourly crucifixion.  
Is freedom ours? No! hundreds slave for one.  
That one is free and boasts, Ah! the shame  
That the myriads at the wheel go boasting too,—  
While misery and woe go hand in hand.

Is there justice where only the ruthless can succeed?  
Success means power.—Did Christ intend it so?—  
That carpenters and laborers should be ground  
And trampled into the dust of dark despair,  
By power that must be guarded by the law?

Christ will still be crucified till men who own the earth,  
Do learn to pass the good things back where they belong;  
And cant and cast die like a foul disease.  
Then will mankind be free.

Thomas Flannigan

### Echo

You are my voice,  
Gone forth from me,  
Traveling, traveling, ceaselessly,  
And the lips with which you speak,  
No earthly eye can see.

You are my words,  
Gone forth from me  
Traveling, traveling endlessly,  
To trees and distant mountain peaks,  
And then again to me.

R. McRell '34

### Desolation

Grey clouds in the dim sky  
A chill mist falling—  
Damp sand on the long shore  
A lone gull calling.

Gaunt cliffs 'gainst the drab clouds  
The green waves dashing—  
Sharp rocks off the dark shore  
The white foam flashing.

A grey mist on the bleak sea  
A pale sun showing—  
A lone ship on the wild waves  
A cold wind blowing.

Mary O'Boyle '35



### A Giant Falls

You may be working in a timber lot,  
And as the great trees yield to the bite of ax.  
You feel a deep regret that stately giants fall;  
They cannot feel, and a man must live.

You swing the bright blade. There is a sting  
As the ax handle kicks back;  
It is the poor, doomed forest monarch  
Vainly trying to force back the bitter steel.

The top starts gently swaying,  
And at last the doomed one crashes down.  
Some men are like the forest giants;  
They go down slowly.  
Others go in one swift sweep of steel like the soft sapling.

*Thomas Flannigan*

### March Wind

Tossing the elm tree branches high,  
Scudding the clouds in the bright spring sky  
Howling with glee as it hurries by,  
..... Wild Wind

Shaking the limbs of the forest trees,  
Chasing the waves on the dancing seas,  
Whirling the patches of dry, dead leaves,  
..... Free Wind

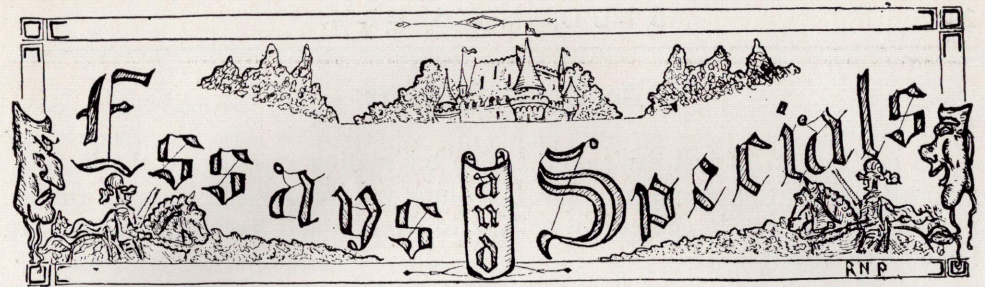
Hinting a bit at April showers,  
Bringing a breath of sweet May flowers,  
Promising drowsy summer hours,  
..... Happy Wind

*Mary O'Boyle '35*

### The Redwood Tree

"Eternity"—the word means naught  
To the mighty monarch God has wrought,  
A king of all that lives and breathes  
The proud, majestic redwood tree.

*Carolyn Luce*



### Spring

**S**PRING!—a magic word with an enchanting sound, enchanting, but with a different import for each individual. To the farmer it signifies the desire, accompanied by expectation, of a new crop; for a fresh crop denotes money; and money, food, clothing, and shelter. To the small, grimy urchin of the streets, the season of the year when plants begin to grow betokens marbles, the casting aside of woolen winter clothing, and a later hour of retiring to the ill-ventilated sleeping quarters, odoriferous of Wednesday's corn beef and cabbage and Friday's fish. To the painter, spring connotes vistas of rose, gold, and silver, as the sun tardily goes to rest; to the writer, the dream of gathering from the spring-scented, fragrant air an inspiration for a new book.

To me Spring symbolizes the dreamer's birthday. It is the time of fantasies, of castle-buildings. Let me lie in the grass on the hillside and watch the soft light of sunset steal over the landscape, a light all azure blue of the sea, yellow, alluring topaz of the East, amethyst and silver, delicate as maline, colorful as a fairy rainbow, a radiant wash of gold on the tops and flickering unearthly shadows below. Somewhere in the orchard a thrush sings his heart away. I draw a deep breath of air freighted with the perfume of apple blossoms. That streak of blue through the orchard, the rose of the after glow, the lights like misty opals in the village, the heathery tinge of distant cranberry bogs, the gold of the star just above the horizon, the ultramarine sea, the silver of the dunes, set one's pulses beating faster, set one's very soul afire. Curious, how deeply color moves one. ....

And then the sun sinks below the horizon, my eyelids droop, my thoughts are vague and interrupted. Finally even-tide has filled the valley, my thoughts are more drowsy, and then I see Spring in her velvety robes rise from the mist. My reflections are intermingled, Spring has placed her daintily-shod foot on the scale of another year. ....

*Betty Bickford*





### An Open (?) Letter

Dear Editor:

I can't do it. I just can't do it. You try writing an essay on the P. G.'s yourself and see what happens. The first thing you know you'll be lying awake nights; and if you do succeed in getting to sleep, you'll have nightmares. I know; I've tried it.

All of which may sound very silly. But it's this way. When you first approached me on writing a paper about the post-graduates, I visualized something very humorous, something that would perhaps slyly poke fun at P. G. idiosyncracies. So with that end in view, I started snooping about among my fellow P. G.'s to gather material—and I'm no mean snooper either. In view of my experiences, I have decided in the future to leave the snooping to others of greater fortitude than I.

You see, the farther I investigated, the more appalling misdemeanors I discovered. In fact, I couldn't find a single quality of the P. G.'s to praise. To me, they appear to be a bunch of lazy, bragging, hypocritical egotists—with the exception, of course, of those few who undertake constructive work by writing letters to the editor, for instance. Of course, I couldn't say such things about them right out in cold print. And that's why I've had the nightmares. I'd always find myself surrounded by a group of embattled P. G.'s, who would be forcing me either to walk the plank or be the victim of some newly devised torture that would make the Spanish Inquisition look like a Sunday School picnic. So there I was, right smack between Scylla and Charybdis. (I have Mr. Goodwin's Virgil class to thank for that lovely classical allusion. But don't attempt to discover which is Scylla, and which, Charybdis; I haven't decided myself yet.)

At last, I made up my mind to include all the incriminating evidence, but start the essay in this manner:

"If, dear reader, you harbor a secret prejudice against essays, don't bore yourself by attempting to digest my idle prattle. A mere turn of the page will rid you of the possible irksome task of reading this paper. If, moreover, you happen to be one of the haughty post-graduates in question, you would also do well to follow that procedure, at least if you wish to retain your present elevated opinion of yourself. Undergraduates may read and take warning."

In that way, I expected to frighten away any prospective readers. Then I had the brilliant idea of writing on some other subject, Technocracy, for example. I would then most certainly succeed in bewildering everyone, including myself. But who wants to be bewildered? Besides you want something on P. G.'s. I dislike to disappoint you, but it must remain for someone bolder than I to expose the incredible misdemeanors of the post-graduates.

Just between us, of course, there is much that may well be said. Even though I wouldn't undertake to write an essay on the subject, I'm perfectly willing to discuss it since it is intensely interesting. You will soon understand why I, as a post-graduate, can not debunk my fellow classmates.

It is, of course, perfectly natural for the P. G.'s to have a superiority complex. There is a certain feeling of self-satisfaction that comes to one on receiving a diploma, and it is this which places the post-graduate on a higher plane in his own

eyes. Teachers also realize that the post-graduates are more advanced than the undergraduates and, consequently, they hold them in greater esteem and grant them special privileges. The student body, in like manner, looks up to the P. G. as one who has successfully attained the goal of all high school effort. All this is very natural, and the result is just what would be expected. Everyone, including the post-graduates themselves, agrees that the P. G.'s are just a little better than the other members of the school. Is it any wonder that the P. G. feels that he is entitled to a few extra privileges? Is it any wonder that he takes these privileges? He enters the building one morning before the doors have been opened to his associates, the lower classmen. The next morning he is late. The methods by which he comes into possession of a signed library slip are no less than marvelous to the untutored in the gentle art of chiseling. There is a pay station just off the first floor corridor. Yet, the post-graduate persuades the office clerk to let him use the school 'phone. Rules and regulations mean nothing to the P. G.

I really didn't intend to confide all this to you, but I hate to see the results of my observations all come to nothing. I have been a post-graduate for several weeks, and my impressions of my fellow workers—perhaps I would more properly say "idlers"—are distinctly disagreeable. I can't decide whether the P. G.'s are too exhausted after their three years' course to take further interest in their studies, or whether they're just lazy. Perhaps sentiment has something to do with their hesitancy to part from their school.

On the first day of the present term, a fellow-P. G. came to school without having registered for a single subject. He inquired about among his friends to discover which classes it was the vogue to take; and, having carefully determined those which would afford the most recreation and least homework, he somehow managed to enroll in certain of these. A young lady of my acquaintance is taking two subjects which she has already passed successfully. Innumerable others take merely a two subject course. These students—if I may apply that name to them—are doing as little work as it is possible to do and still be rated members of P. H. S.

Having thus given vent to my righteous indignation, I shall proceed in a cooler vein. I think that some remedial steps should be taken. Here's the plan I should suggest:

1. Only those pupils should be allowed to take post-graduate work who can present evidence of a definite need for it, as, for example, college requirements.

2. P. G.'s should be barred from taking unnecessary courses, such as subjects which they have already passed successfully.

3. Lastly, the root of the P. G. evil should be eradicated: i.e. the post-graduates should receive no special privileges, but should rather be considered in the same category with ordinary students.

It might be well if you, as editor, presented some such suggestions in your magazine.

At least, after reading this letter, you can't say that I haven't done some work on the subject. By the way, keep this communication private. Some of my nightmares might come true.

Love and kisses,  
(or whatever it's proper to send an editor)

W. J.



### The Weaker Sex

THERE was once a time when the male species of humanity dictated to the so called "weaker sex"; but ah, that is just a sweet, sweet dream of the past. The catastrophe of man's fall is not a recent event, but something that had its origin way back in the Garden of Eden.—"Oh! Adam! If only you could have foreseen what you were starting when you let Eve tempt you with an apple, when you let *that woman* tell you what to do!"

How well woman realized that she could not smash the omnipotence of men alone, so she provoked arguments between them, told their secrets, and betrayed them to their enemies—an ardent believer in the doctrine, "united they stand, divided they fall." Ah! What an error Samson committed when he trusted Delilah! Another good man went wrong when he fell into the clutches of a woman; if Marc Antony could have realized that Cleopatra and matters of state couldn't mix—but, alas, he learned his lesson too late, poor Antony!

Woman did not begin to assert her power until recently; but when she did start the ball rolling (it's still going) it was just too bad for the "all powerful." A few years ago "la dame" secured the privilege of voting; and now there are women representatives, women mayors, and women what-nots—a woman president is forthcoming. Some time back man made a serious blunder when he opened his universities to women. Today statistics indicate that women are engaged in every line of work that men follow. Why there are even women veterinarians, to say nothing of the women wrestlers and pugilists. Can you beat it?

And that's not all! Now comes the saddest part of the whole story. Men took it like the gentlemen they are when the women turned the tables on them. But what will they do now? Women are even going so far as to steal their pants, their last distinction from the feminine "chisellers". Recently Marlene Dietrich decided to "go masculine," and now the whole country's feminine populace is ready to follow her.

Last night I looked into my crystal and glimpsed into the future. What I saw was most distressing. I asked my wife to lay out my tuxedo as I was going to a very important directors' meeting. Having shaved and washed, I went to change my clothes; but instead of my "tux" I found a note which read: "Dear Willy, I simply must wear your tuxedo tonight. I'm sure you'll manage somehow."

A few days ago someone remarked over the radio, "The weaker sex is constantly looking toward us men for protection." Humph! Weaker sex! Bah! Humbug!

Nevertheless, I still have faith in men, especially in this generation. Some are always saying, "Horses will come back," so will men. But probably the male gentry will not find it necessary to struggle against their oppressors as the latter proved their incompetence as leaders in the eighteenth century. First Queen Mary Tudor of England ordered the execution of Lady Jane Grey, thus arousing the hatred of the people—her reign was a sad one. Later Mary, Queen of Scots, was dethroned and banished from Scotland, only to be executed by Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen.—Oh, oh, were they out for blood and at each other's neck? The old saying declares, "Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself." It should be revised to read, "Give the women enough power and they'll kill each other."

William K. Zarvis

### Oratorical Contest



ALBERT SECUNDA

ALBERT SECUNDA will be the representative of Pittsfield High School in the Berkshire County finals, by virtue of his victory in the oratorical contest held March 16. He delivered his address, "Lincoln and the Constitution," in a clear and forceful manner which held the attention of the audience from the very outset.

An honorable mention was awarded to Harold Feldman, cousin of the winner, who chose as his subject, "Origins of the Constitution." Both Albert Secunda and Harold Feldman are active in other extra-curricula activities such as the Orchestra and the Debating Club.

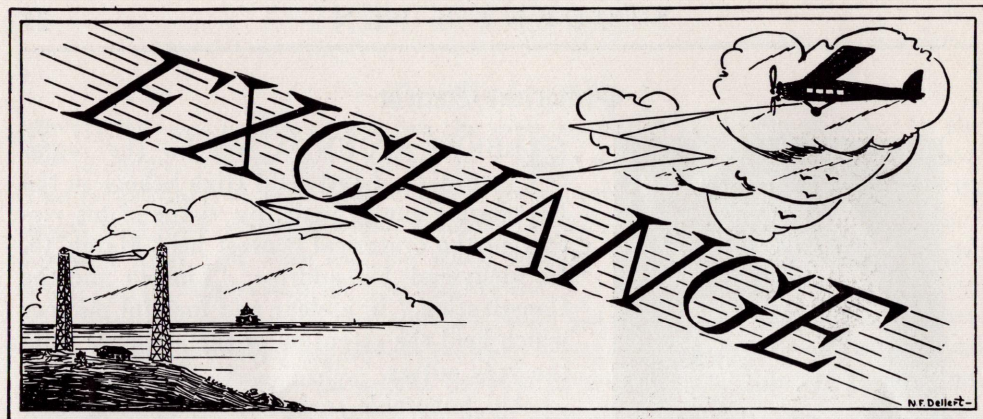
A vote of thanks is due to Mr. Edward McKenna for his untiring work in coaching the contestants and managing the contest. Much time and energy had been put into the speeches by the orators themselves as well as by their leader, as was evinced by the way each speaker held the unflagging interest of every listener. Likewise, the success was augmented by the cooperation of other teachers who acted as judges and time keepers. Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer, head of the English Department, Miss Rachel Morse, head of the History Department, and Edward J. Russell, head of the Science Department were the judges, while Mr. Arthur P. Goodwin and Milton J. Herrick, both of the Mathematics Department, acted in the capacity of time keepers. The decisions of the judges were based upon the speaker's knowledge of subject matter, poise, general appearance, and enunciation.

The complete list of participants in the order in which they spoke is as follows:

Harold Feldman, "Origins of the Constitution"; Victor Olson, "Principles of the Constitution"; Bruce Burnham, "Trials of the Constitution"; Peter Barecca, "Has the Constitution Done What It was Intended to Do?"; Albert Secunda, "Lincoln and the Constitution"; William Trembley, "Origins of the Constitution"; and Donald Milne, "The Constitution—Its Trials and Triumphs".

It may be seen that there were only seven boys and not one girl competing for the oratorical honors. This fact caused Mr. Roy M. Strout to express the wish for a more generous following of this beneficial activity, especially on the part of the girls, because it is a great asset to anyone to be able to get up on his feet and express himself in a manner to command attention.





Salutations and compliments to all of you exchange editors! Hear ye: Webster defines "exchange" as the "act of giving and taking one thing in return for another." It is a "to the point" word for the use to which we put it, and we are endeavoring, this semester, to make this column as helpful in our suggestions and hints to you, as we want you to be to us; in other words, won't you help us try to make this section an honest, "to the point" one?

*Northern Light*, Cordova High School, Cordova, Alaska. After reading your paper from far away Alaska, we feel that we are personally acquainted with every one of your school, so friendly is your paper. Speaking of clothes, "inside out and back-side front," may I report that that fad arrived in dear old Pittsfield about the same time as your paper! How fads and news spread! As for your editorials, they are as fine as any Yankee paper's. Congratulations on keeping the proverbial "wolf" from the door!

*Garnet and White*, West Chester High School, West Chester, Penn. We enjoy your clever magazine immensely, but may we suggest a larger literary section? Your one story is attractively written, so why not more just so? The poems are your finest most well-done feature; especially, "Wisdom," in the Senior section, and "Our Seventh Grade Reading Club," in the Junior High section. Your efforts shine throughout your magazine!

*The High School Record*, Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey, December, 1932. A record-breaking *Record*! Your principal's portrait and goodwill are truly a meet procedure to open one's magazine. As we continue through your pages, we find "Our 'Passport to Heaven,'" which suggests a novel manner of spending a Christmas holiday. Your "Entre Nous" and "Alumni" notes are clever and very engaging. In the way of helpful hints, we should like to suggest a shorter literary section with more original themes for your stories.

*English High School*, a fine paper especially in literary talent. Why isn't your magazine divided into separate departments of poetry, stories, jokes, etc., and your ads placed on the closing pages of your publication, instead of scattered in the periodical itself? More poetry would be in order. Your cover design for December was in excellent keeping with the season.

*The Cambridge Review*, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass. Feb., 1933. A truly befitting tribute to your lost friends. We too, sympathize

and extend our condolence to your former teacher, and classmate. As usual, *The Review* comes over as one of the best magazines of the month! Congratulations! Difficult to choose the best department.

We liked the Christmas issue of *Jabberwock*, edited by the Girls' Latin School. The one editorial was indeed appealing. Why not more of such fine material as the "Sisters"? A few more good stories would balance the number of essays. We think the acknowledgments are nicely placed in this issue.

*The Northern Light* paper from Cordova High School was very complete. That's a real school paper just bubbling over with news and still space left for attractive columns like "Frost Bites" and "Bookland Bubbles." *Northern Light* certainly must be a warm glow to frosty Alaska.

*The Centralite* is a very attractive magazine. It shows that the Board of Editors in South Huntington, N. Y., is right on the job. We liked the humorous side of the edition. However, a little more serious material would complete the magazine.

As we haven't room to comment on all the magazines and papers, we want to thank the following for the interest they have shown in our magazine:

*Signboard*—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

*Commerce*—High School of Commerce, Springfield, Mass.

*Colby Echo*—Waterville, Maine.

Jack Head relates that the only good thing about a radio announcer is that you can listen to his voice without having to look at his face—the first real improvement in ventriloquism in 50 years.

Brother Dudley added "The next step will be the elimination of the voice and ventriloquism will be where it belongs."

\* \* \* \*

"Heard that song of Mahoney's?"

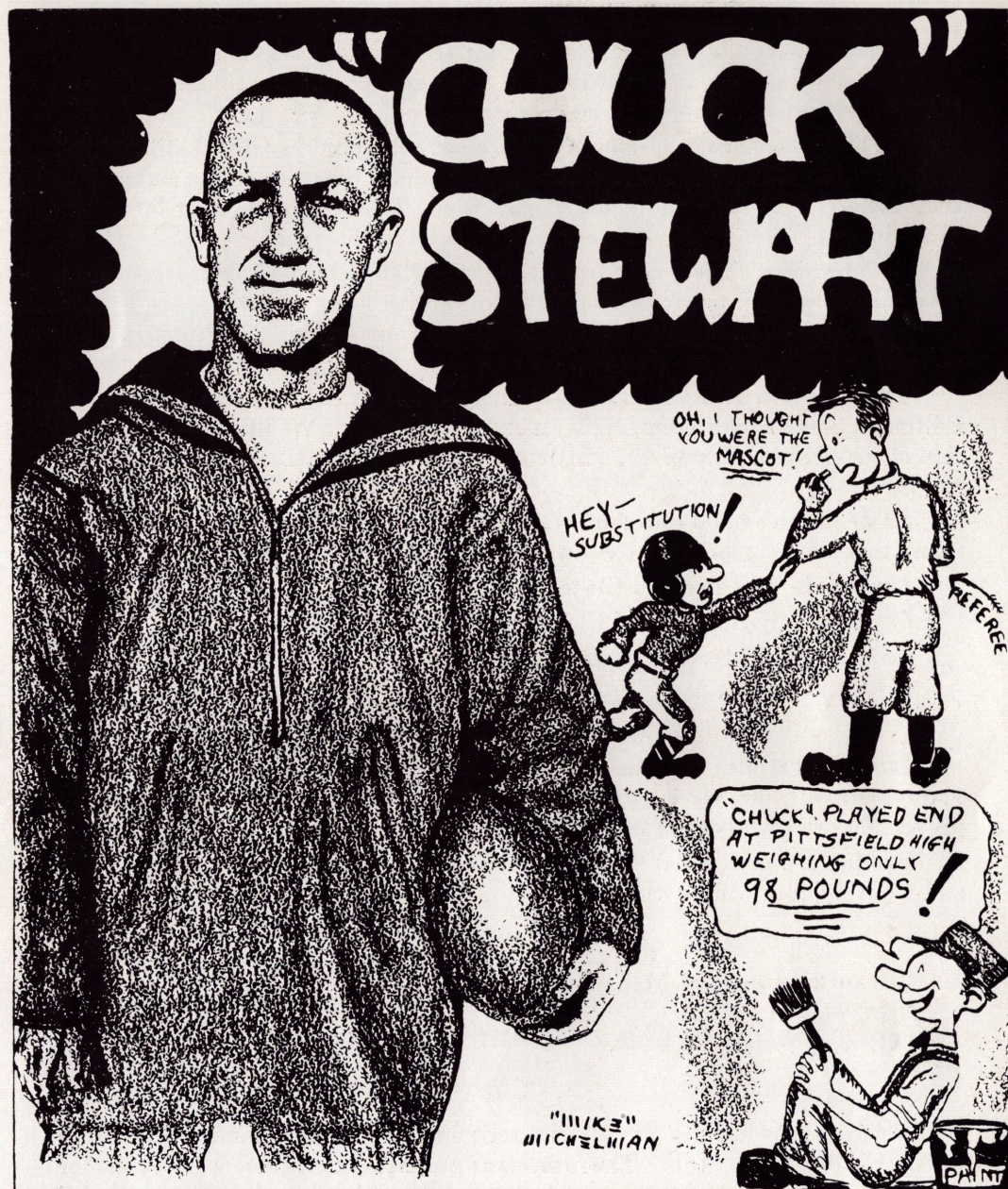
"No, what is it?"

"Holding Mahoney's hand."

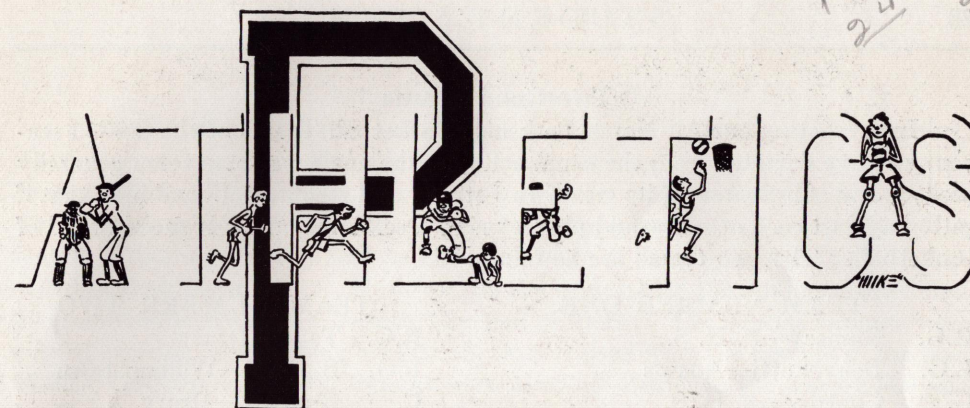
\* \* \* \*

Abie was scheduled to give a violin recital and at the last moment his mother discovered dirt on his neck. The father was protesting that there wasn't time for scrubbing. "Hmm," said the mother, "vat will pipple t'ink?" "Never mind," snapped Papa, taking a glance at the boy's neck, "it's hull right. Dot's vare de henkerchiff goes!"





CHARLES E. STEWART received his primary education in the public schools of Pittsfield. While attending Pittsfield High he was a three letter man for two years. After graduating, he entered Williston Academy where he continued in athletics. From there Mr. Stewart went to Colgate University and played varsity football and basketball for three years. He was graduated in 1916 with high marks. After the war he played pro football with the famous Jim Thorpe's Canton Bulldogs. In 1929 he came to P. H. S., where his teams have since compiled a very successful record. Many of his former athletes are now starring in college circles. His football team of 1930 was ranked first in western Massachusetts. Last year his basketball team in beating St. Joseph's, was the first P. H. S. team to have done so in seven years. Mr. Stewart, who was recently honored with an appointment to the high school faculty, ended his coaching career by turning out the champion basketball team of Berkshire County.



### Pittsfield Captures County Title

The Pittsfield High School hoopmen met the gently falling curtain of '32-'33 basketball oblivion in brilliant fashion Wednesday night, March 16, at Lasell Gymnasium, Williamstown, where, as Shire City champs and contenders for county honors, they defeated the strong Drury combine 22-19. Both teams seemed nervous at the starting gun, but Pittsfield rallied quickly, piled up a three point lead, and, with the exception of a few minutes in the third quarter, held this advantage throughout the contest.

Ramsey and Servis showed their usual adeptness in marking the opposing forwards, and Bud managed three points on the side. Captain Controy played a good game in the forward line, and the manner in which he followed his shots to score helped much in the victory. The score at the end of the half was 11-6, with P. H. S. on the long end. Drury rallied in the next quarter and knotted the count at 16 all. Phelan and Gull took the floor for the Stewart Club and Pittsfield then shot ahead with a three point lead which was never relinquished. The score:

#### P. H. S.

	B	F	P
Goodrich, l.f.	1	1	2
Phelan, l.f.	0	0	0
Controy, l.f.	2	2	6
Gull, r.f.	0	1	1
Beauchemin, c.	2	0	4
Servis, l.g.	0	0	0
Ramsey, r.g.	0	3	3
Controy, c.	2	1	5

B	F	P
7	8	22

#### Drury High

	B	F	P
Todd, r.g.	2	0	4
Dyson, l.g.	0	2	2
Dupuis, l.g.	0	1	1
Rudnick, c.	0	0	0
Millis, c.	1	1	3
Dupree, r.f.	0	0	0
Doran, l.f.	2	2	6
Marchio, l.f.	1	1	3

B	F	P
6	7	19

### Resume of the Season

#### Northern Berkshire League Games

*Pittsfield 27	St. Joseph's N. A.	17	†*Pittsfield 21	Adams	19
*Pittsfield 32	Dalton	10	Pittsfield 35	Dalton	26
*Pittsfield 27	Williamstown	19	*Pittsfield 22	Drury	20
Drury 32	Pittsfield	21	Adams 15	Pittsfield	10
Pittsfield 21	St. Joseph's N. A.	16	†Pittsfield 24	Williamstown	22
Pittsfield 33	St. Joseph's, P.	25	*Pittsfield 27	St. Joseph's, P.	10

\*Home Games. †Overtime Contest.



### Two Good Teams

In presenting our All-North Berkshire Basketball Teams of the '32-'33 season, we have deviated from the usual policy of the one super-man team generally picked, and substituted in its stead, two strong and resourceful combines, that if pitted against each other, would play a snappy, scientific, and advanced brand of basketball. The two teams are as follows:

TEAM NUMBER ONE		TEAM NUMBER TWO	
R.G.	Ramsey—P. H. S.	R.G.	Todd—Drury
L.G.	Benvenuti—Adams	L.G.	Bunoski—Williamstown
C.	Controy—P. H. S.	C.	Rudnick—Drury
R.F.	Murray—Dalton	R.F.	Marchio—Drury
L.F.	Cassella—St. Joe (P.)	L.F.	Moore—St. Joe (N. A.)

### HONORABLE MENTION

Guards: Stienhoff—Williamstown; Fahey—Dalton; Sears—St. Joe (N. A.)  
 Forwards: Sangiovanni—St. Joe (P.); Doran—Drury.  
 Center: Connors—Williamstown.

### Sports

*By Walt Murphy*

#### ... Lest ... We ... Forget ...

.... The Adams Clash ... Twenty seconds to play in the overtime period and 'Muscles' Phelan sinks the leather from the side of the court ... and ... the gun cracks ... we win 21-19 ... Parochial Contest ... number one ... in this corner we have ... they're tapping each other lightly in the center of the ring. ... Parochial Contest ... number two ... a dull game ... Murphy, his white pants, and wa-wa-police siren ... Hugh Downey—Clark Gable—Jack Head ... final score 25-10 ... Another city championship ... P. H. S. against Adams ... Captain Controy comes through with three perfect shots ... we win another game ... Drury snared in last few seconds by "Chicken's" burst of ability ... four of Coach Stewart's All-Berkshire Grid team of '32 appear on the Pen's selections ... The hockey squad never gives up: captured 3 games out of 5 starts ... they scheduled 24 meets and managed to squeeze in 5 of them ... High scorers for season are Richie with 9 goals and Ahlan, who has 6. Wagner has four and McMahon, Giesker, and Stahl have three apiece. Total points: P. H. S. received 39, while opponents chalked up 8. These statistics exclude practice games. ... And the Girl's Swimming team ... a snappy combine ... fast and furious ... hard to beat ... Did they win every time? ... My! aren't these sports editors awful? ... At the season's start, John M. Flynn, Eagle Sports writer, said that the Stewart men would be in running for county honors. ... as usual he was correct ... Coach John Carmody deserves the highest praise for his admirable work in the field of intramural sports ... Babe Ruth has made to date \$785,900.00 on a straight salary basis since 1914 ... Yowsaw! ... And lastly the Sporting Staff of the *Pen* wishes to congratulate Coach Charles E. Stewart on his 1932-33 basketball team.

### Inter Class Game—Girls

In the Pittsfield High gymnasium, before some two or three hundred students, the Senior girls started the inter-class league rolling by downing the capable Juniors 26-23. The cheering section led by John Spasyk and the presence of Mr. Herrick presented the contest with the atmosphere of a Varsity tilt. The seniors, obtaining an early lead had the monopoly of the play in the first half that ended in their favor 18-10. However, on the resumption the Juniors clicked and five minutes from the end, secured the lead of 21-20. The closing minutes were ones of exciting and thrilling basketball, that elapsed with the Seniors in the lead 26-23. Outstanding for the Seniors were Marjorie Butler in the scoring line and Lucille Sanford in the back court while "Petey" Tristany and Peg LaPointe excelled for the losers.

SENIORS	B.	F.	Pts.	JUNIORS	B.	F.	Pts.
Butler	9	2	20	Tristany	7	2	16
Basto	0	0	0	LaPointe	2	1	5
Eulian	2	0	4	Allessio	0	0	0
Smith	0	0	0	Madden	0	0	0
Sanford	0	0	0	Seigar	0	0	0
Zahn	0	0	0	Sharley	1	0	2
Bukowski	1	0	2				
	12	2	26		10	3	23

### School Championship

The "All Americans," winners of the eastern league and the "Nonpareils", leaders of the western league, clashed in High School gymnasium for the championship of school. Quite a large crowd was on hand to witness the all important game. The Nonpareils were slow in finding their form, being at the short end of a 6-1 score at the end of the first period; however, the half found them trailing only 1 point. The players concentrated more in defense than in attack, resulting in a low scoring contest. However, the game was tense and exciting throughout, and the "All Americans" emerged worthy winners 12-8. Capt. Keegan and Bennie Burke excelled for the victors, while Capt. Edda and Bill Crown did worthy work for the Nonpareils.

#### ALL AMERICANS

	B.	F.	Pts.
Jaffee, R.F.	1	0	2
Burke, L.F.	2	0	4
Michelman, C.	0	0	0
Keegan, R.G.	2	0	4
Woitkoski, L.G.	1	0	2
Botez, L.G.	0	0	0
	6	0	12

#### NONPAREILS

	B.	F.	Pts.
Sinopoli, R.F.	0	0	0
Crown, L.F.	2	0	4
Edda, C.	1	0	2
Enwright, R.G.	0	0	0
Leslie, L.G.	0	2	0
Edda, L.G.	0	0	0
	3	2	8

*Walter Murphy '33*



# SOPHOMORALS



OUR  
SUBJECT!

**W**HAT HO! Our learned Dr. Russell is all a-twitter and a-bustle. Why, when, where and what for? Our Doc has discovered the *sophomore*! Yow-sah, ye Doc was traipsing down the hall, when whaddya think, he chanced to fall; and there he saw crawling around the floor what eventually was named the sophomore...What strange creature is this? wondered Doc. Is it fish, insect, or possibly a rock? Goodness, it walks---look---it talks! This is stranger than fiction, pondered Doc...Then he decided to closely inspect it; and next in his lab proceeded to dissect it. He feared for a while that he had wrecked it; but no, it didn't even affect it! Ye sophie is now as good as new....Yes, dear Dorothy, little Ida and Ruthie, we feel it our duthie to tell you the truthie, and so Doc's formula we present to you. Maybe you'll be able to "make" one, too: :: :: Carbon monoxide, a dash of peroxide; a petrified bromide, a chloride or two; plus the tenth rear legs of a centipede blue.\* Cook in an oven at 100 degrees, then put in an icebox and let freeze. :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

\*Only with the aid of the warbling cockatoo, whose enchanting song lures it to you, can one capture a centipede blue. The blue centipede is prized for its tail, which is the only bait that will attract a warbling cockatoo

x-ray of  
our  
victim's  
head

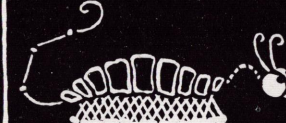
x=complete vacuum



A Passing Glance



A Blue Centipede



A Centipede Blue

OUR HERO!!

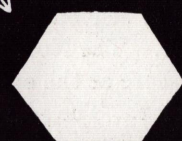


Mr. Edward J. Russell

DO NOT  
KILL



Impersonating a  
dead parrot.



(Polygon, Barbara)

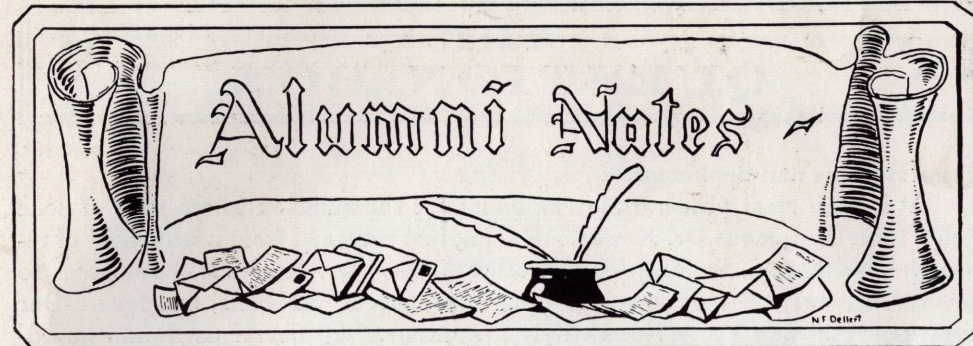
DOC'S THEORY

He who knows and knows  
that he knows - He is a  
*SENIOR* - Reverence him.

He who knows and knows  
not that he knows - He is  
a *JUNIOR* - Honor him.

He who knows not and  
knows not that he knows  
not - He is a *SOPH-  
OMORE* - Scorn him!

WILLIAM



## Former Honor Students of P. H. S. Who Are Winning New Laurels for Themselves in College

Albert C. England, Harvard '33, and Samuel Duker, his classmate, have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Paul Wetstein, '34 at Dartmouth, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa also.

Ruben Katz, '34 at Williams, has also been elected to the honorary fraternity although he is only a junior.

Eugene Dorfman, '36, also a student at Williams, ranks first in his class scholastically.

### Some Other Reports of Note Are:

'32 William "Doc" Greenwood, our famous orator, is a student at Bates College where he has been elected to the Freshman debating team.

Lois Denison, a former pro-merito student, is a freshman at Syracuse University. She is majoring in History.

Ada Noonan is attending Russell Sage College.

Harry Foster McRell, Jr. is aiming for Chemical Engineering in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Darwin Gallup, a freshman attending Duke University in North Carolina, is in the Business Administration Department.

Rebecca Gifford is a Freshman at Smith College.

Gardiner "Dutchie" Aires is a freshman at Springfield College.

Laura Esther Anthony is now in training to become a nurse at the House of Mercy Hospital.

'31 Virginia Taylor is a student at Fannie A. Smith Kindergarten Training School in Bridgeport, Conn.

"Tommy" Curtin, a freshman at Yale, is the captain of the freshman football team. Tommy was captain of the P. H. S. team in 1929.

I. W. Miller, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, has been appointed sergeant in the P. Q. T. C. band.

'30 John Sullivan, a member of Schenectady Union College, was one of the forty-four singers of the Glee Club who went to New York on March 3rd to sing in the concert at the Ritz Carlton Hotel.

'29 Ellen Noonan and her classmate at Wheelock Kindergarten School, Jean Richie, are very successfully conducting a kindergarten in Great Barrington, Mass.



## ? THE QUESTION BOX ?

Dear Readers and Sophomores:

It is with great pleasure that we announce the addition to our staff of none other than the famous Dr. Knows. Having just returned from a wide field of research—Springfield, Sandisfield, and other fields,—Dr. Knows will endeavor to answer regularly all questions regarding school, social problems, and love. Our professor will offer his advice entirely gratuitous. All questions should be addressed to the Doctor, care of this department.

Dear Dr. Knows:

Mr. Goodwin has assigned fifty lines of Virgil for tomorrow. Mr. Herberg has given us some new mastery problems. Both Miss Kaliher and Miss Pfeiffer insist that I spend an hour each on their assignments. I also have an appointment with my dentist and I must wash my hair. What in the world shall I do?

(signed)

*Wittsend.*

Dear Wittsend:

The picture at the Capitol this week is excellent.

Dear Dr. Knows:

The other day I paid a fortune-teller a dollar to tell me a cure for my trouble. She said she had a vision of a remedy for all evils and then asked me for another dollar. I refused. Don't you think I'm right? (signed) *Indignant*

Dear Indignant:

I think not. Since money is the root of all evil, the fortune-teller was evidently trying to get at the roots.

Dear Dr. Knows:

My girl friend says that if I don't pass all my exams this term she'll be through with me for good. What'll I do? (signed) *Smart Guy*

Dear Smart Guy:

The latest census reveals that there are 843 girls in P. H. S.

Dear Dr. Knows:

Our English teacher says that we're going to study Edmund Burke's speech. Who was Edmund Burke? (signed) *Phil O'Soph*

Dear Phil O'Soph:

Edmund Burke was the forerunner of the modern marathon speakers. Anyone who can write a speech that takes five weeks to read, is a great man!

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Fair Motorist: "Oh—Right over your face! Are you hurt?"  
Victim (Sarcastically): "Nasty taste of rubber in my mouth."

\* \* \* \*

Freshman: "Oh Boy!—A letter from home."  
Junior: "Let's go out and spend it! !"

\* \* \* \*

Slater: "Will you go to the Prom with me?"  
She: "No—but I admire your good taste."

\* \* \* \*

She: "You're only after my money! I won't marry you!"  
He: "Aw, come on! !—be a support!"

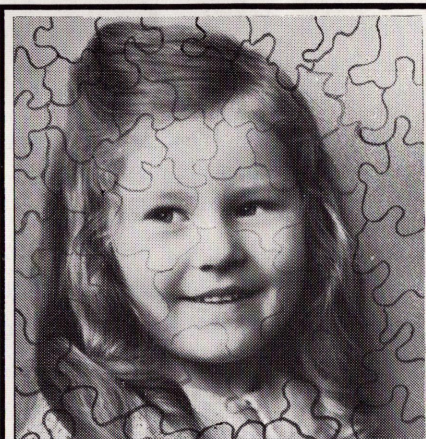
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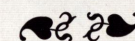
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Youth: "Dad, you remember telling me how you were expelled from school?"  
Father: "Yes, but it's ancient history now."  
Youth: "It's funny how history repeats itself, isn't it?"

\* \* \* \*

Son: "Dad, you got me into trouble today."  
Dad: "Yes, son?"  
Son: "Remember I asked you how much a thousand francs are?"  
Dad: "Yes, son."  
Son: "Well, a heckovalot isn't the right answer."

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==  
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**Eagle Publishing Company**  
EAGLE STREET

Miss Hodges: "Can you give me the 'Order of the Bath'?"

Barnini: "Well, as I've experienced it, it's too cold, then you're short a towel. Next the soap takes you for a ride and you get a grand slam; and finally just as the water turns to ice, the telephone rings."

\* \* \* \*

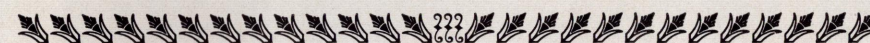
Athlete (in shower): "Somebody has taken my towel."

Coach Stewart: "Describe it."

Athlete: "It's a white one with 'Poughkeepsie High' printed on it."

**George W. Henzel**  
PHOTOGRAPHS

*Studio at*  
*139 North Street*

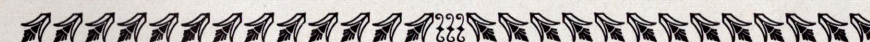


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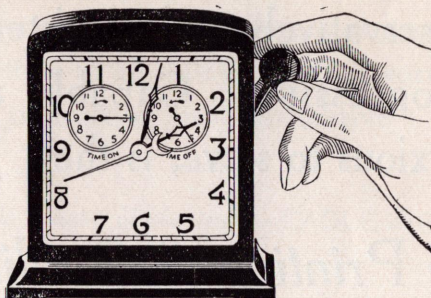
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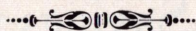
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